



Here we have the last known photograph of the being known as nom from the planet Plume. This photo was taken mere hours before his species change operation.

Our sources report that the operation was 85% successful, however 'nom' (formerly 'nomdeplume' before he changed his identity to hide from the INS and MiB) is able to compensate for the other 15% and pass as human through the use of sunglasses, baggy shirts, and thick wool socks.

HaCSA presents...

Another funny book scan by oogla.
Today's crappy "Happy Birthday nom!" scan:
Attack v8 #33 Charlton Comics Mar. 1982



ATTACK

NO.33

MAR

CHARLTON

00770

82/CDC



60¢

UK
20P

OUR FIGHTING FORCES IN ACTION

ATTACK

THE CHARLIES ARE IN THE BRUSH TO THE RIGHT. HOLD IT, BLUE-BELL 2, YOU'RE IN THE WRONG AREA!



NO, NO!
MY GOD,
YOU'RE
KILLING
US!



00770



"THUNDERCHIEF TERROR"

OFF SHORE FROM HELL

I'M LT. (J.G.) HALVERSON COMMANDING PT 1955 IN THE GULF OF TONKIN, A STINKING ARM OF THE STINKING SOUTH CHINA SEA. WE'RE NOT FAR FROM THE APPROACHES TO HAIPHONG... AND

THIS IS WHERE OUR AIR FORCE AND OUR CARRIERS HAVE BEEN SENDING THEIR STRIKES IN RECENT

WEEKS! THE GROUND-TO-AIR MISSILES ARE OUR SHIPS... IF THE PILOTS ARE LUCKY, THEY GET THEIR PLANES AWAY FROM NORTH VIET NAM AND THEN PARACHUTE OUT OF THE SHIP BEFORE THEY RIDE IT DOWN. OUR PT BOAT IS STATIONED HERE TO GET THESE PILOTS... BEFORE THE CHINESE JUNKS OR TINCANS CAN SWOOP DOWN AND TAKE THEM PRISONER!

HOLD HER STEADY... HOW CAN I CLOBBER THAT COMMIE BOUNCIN' LIKE A RUBBER BALL?

NO ALIBIS, GUNNER... GET THAT JET!

LIKE TODAY... WE WATCHED THE AMERICAN JET FIGHTER HURTLING DOWNWARD AND EXPLODE... THEN THE WHITE CHUTE OPENED AND WE HEADED FOR IT! THIS IS WHEN THE MIG 21 MAKES THE SCENE... HURTLING DOWN WITH SCREAMING ENGINE AND THUMPING CANNON! WE RETURN THE FIRE... WE'RE NOT GOING TO BE TURNED AWAY FROM THE PILOT!

I'VE GOT A GOOD GUNNER. HE PUTS A COUPLE ROUNDS RIGHT IN THE COMMIE'S COCKPIT!

ATTACK Vol. 8, No. 33, March, 1982.

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Distributed by Capital Distributing Co., Capital Bldg., Derby, CT 06418

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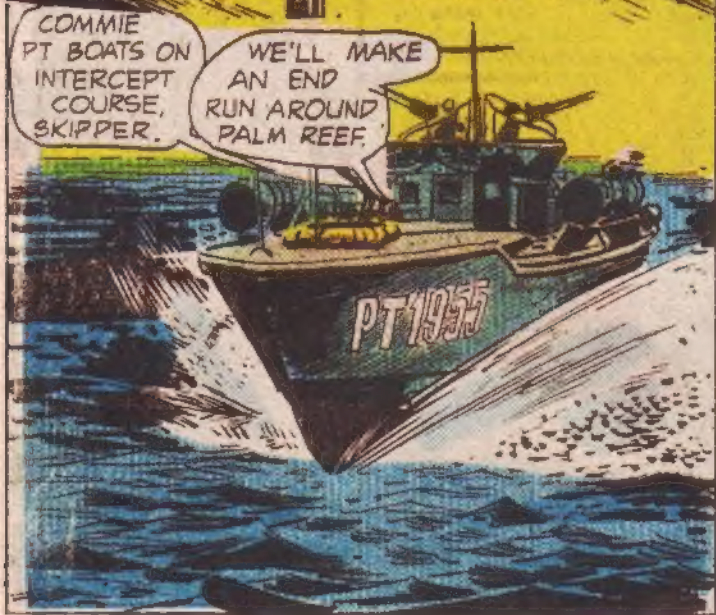




MISSION COMPLETED AS THE PLANE WINGS TOWARD SAIGON WITH THE DOWNED PILOT. THEN, WE GET A BLIP ON RADAR...

COMMIE PT BOATS ON INTERCEPT COURSE, SKIPPER.

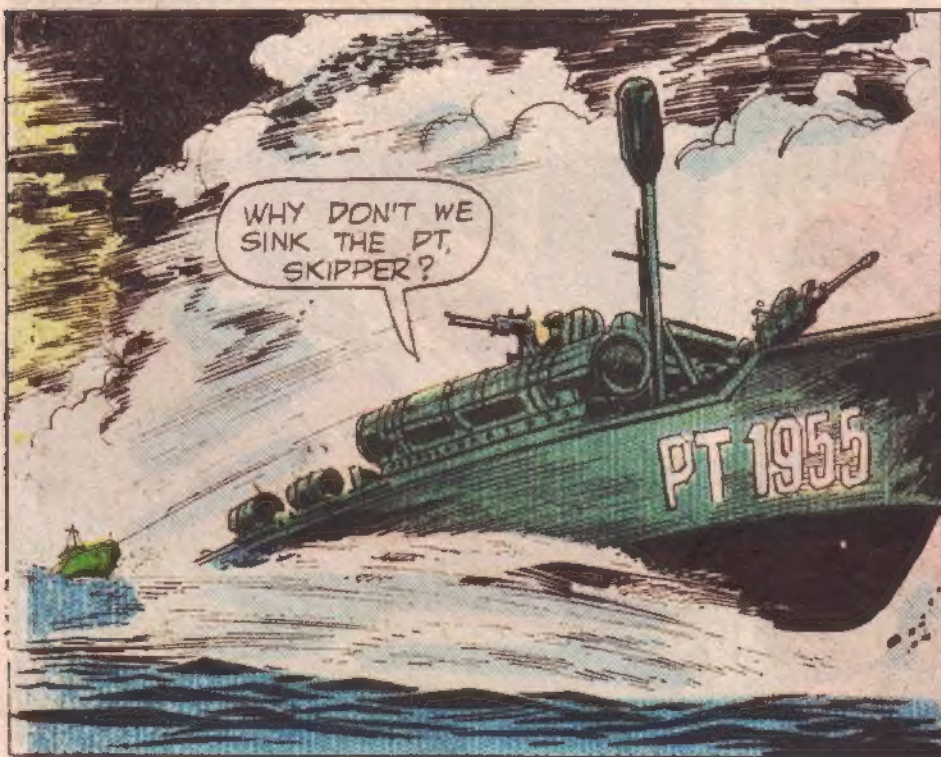
WE'LL MAKE AN END RUN AROUND PALM REEF.



WE'LL HIDE BEHIND PALM REEF TILL THE COMMIE GOES BY!



WHY DON'T WE SINK THE PT, SKIPPER?



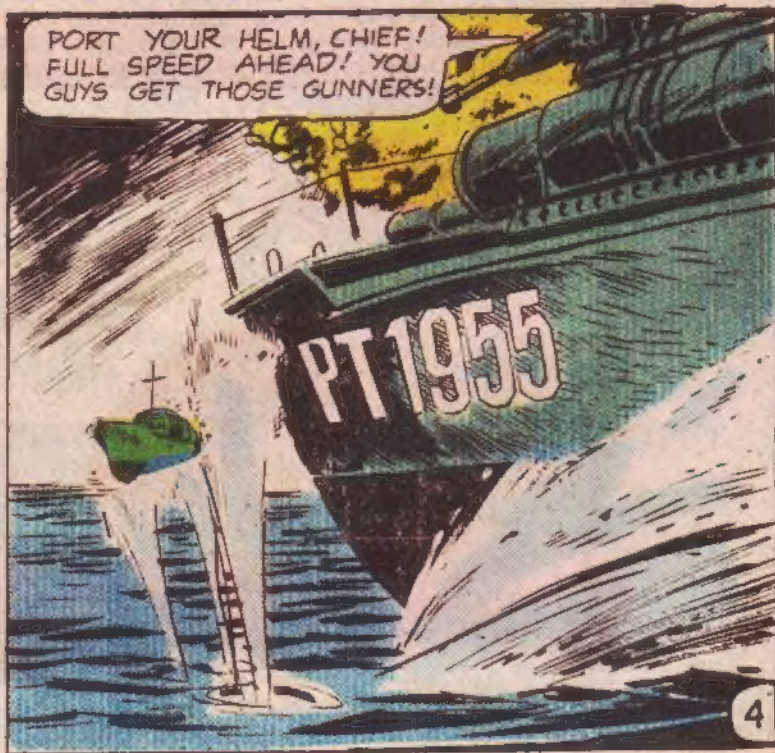
OUR MISSION IS TO RESCUE DOWNED AIRCRAFT, CHIEF. ALSO...IF WE TANGLE WITH THE RED PT, THEY'LL RADIO FOR A MIG. WE'LL RADIO FOR A JET AND THERE'LL BE A BIG RUCKUS!

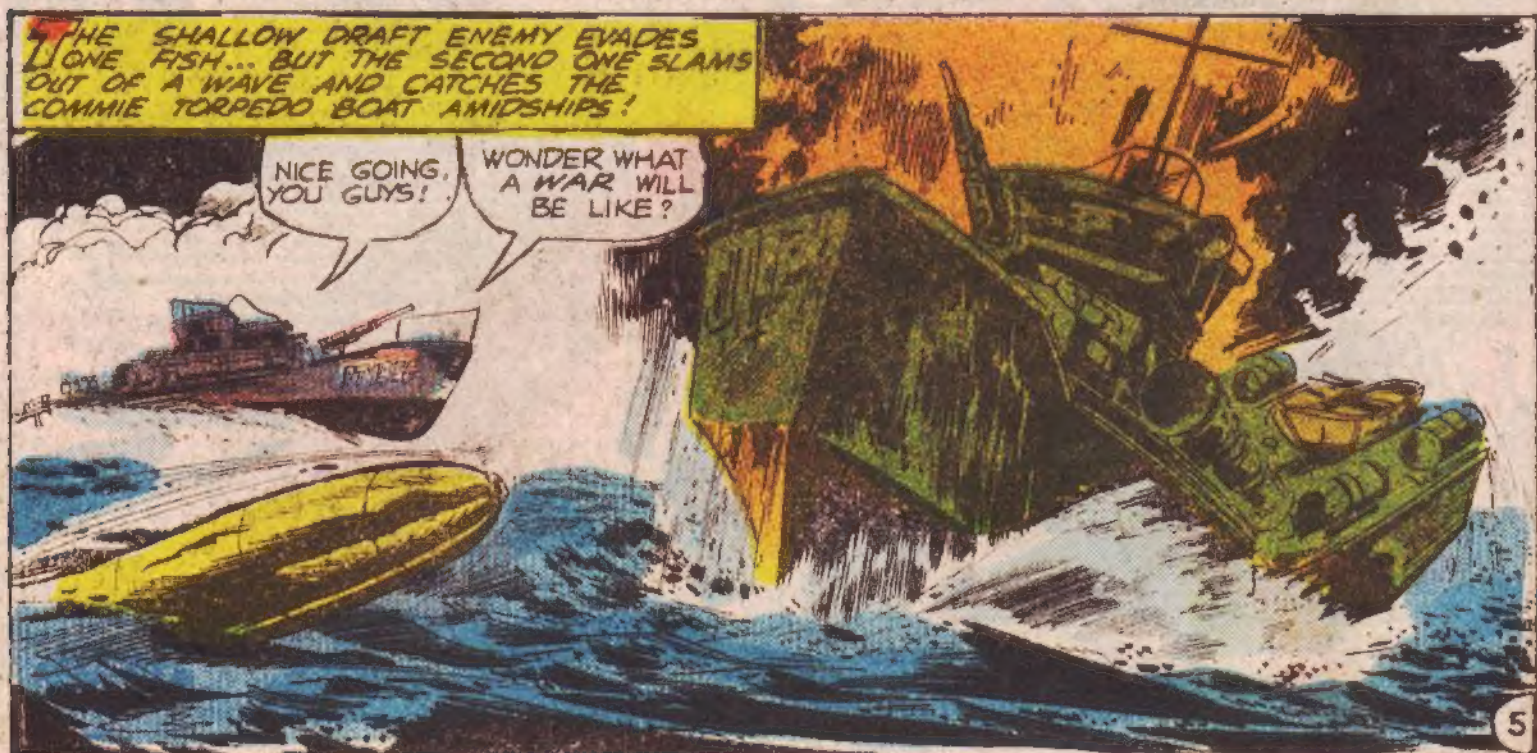
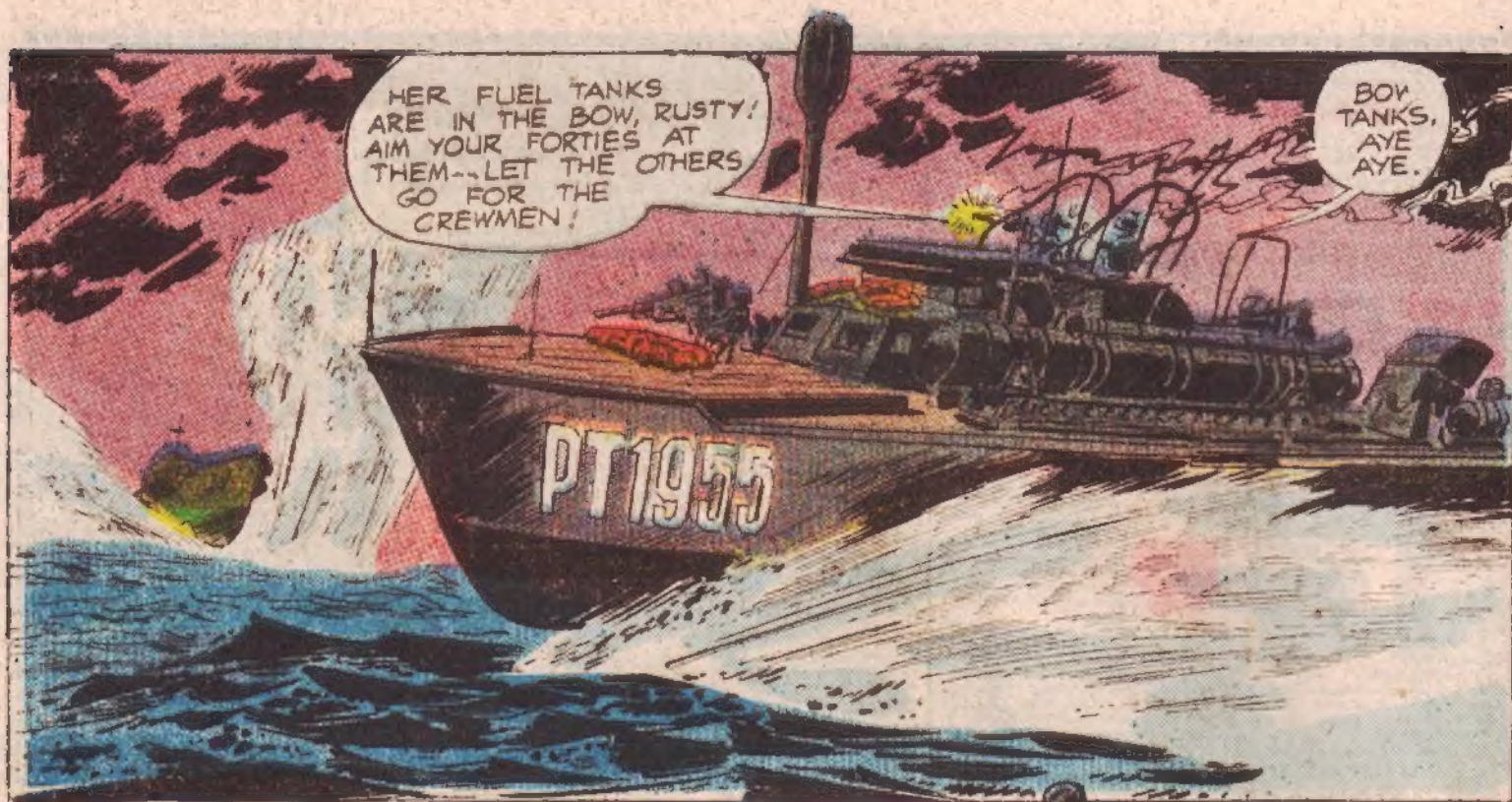


MADE IT!



PORT YOUR HELM, CHIEF! FULL SPEED AHEAD! YOU GUYS GET THOSE GUNNERS!



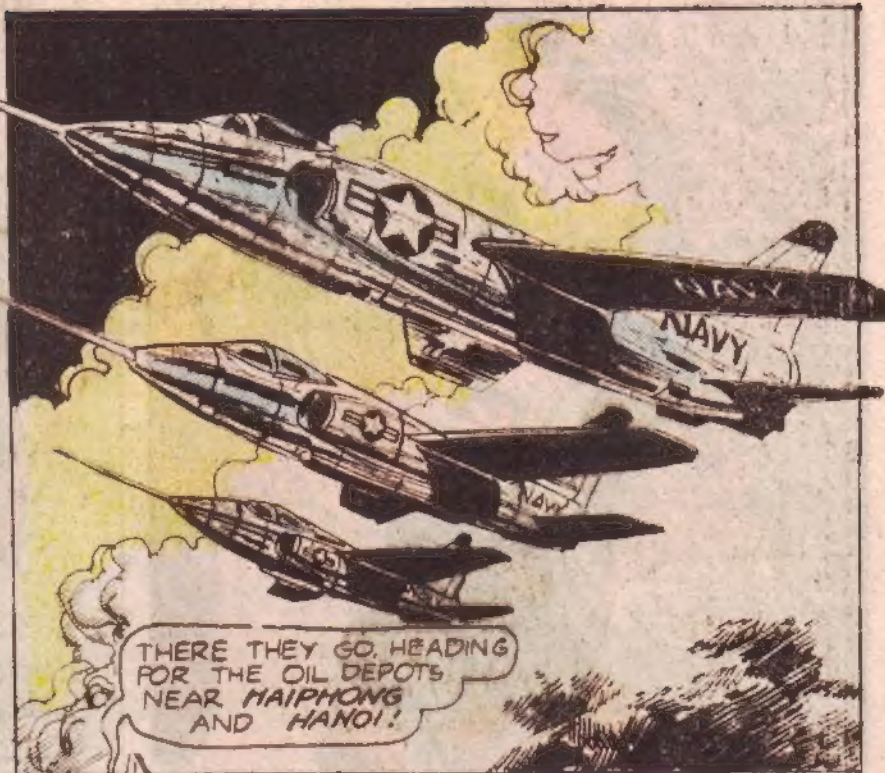


IT'S MORNING DURING THE NIGHT WE'VE MOVED IN CLOSER TO HAIPHONG. IN A CODED MESSAGE WHICH WE RECEIVED BEFORE MIDNIGHT, WE'RE TOLD THERE'LL BE HEAVY RAIDS ON NORTH VIET NAM AND WE'LL BE NEEDED...



ALL HANDS
HAD CHOW,
SKIPPER.

VERY WELL.
CHECK WEAPONS
AND RESCUE
EQUIPMENT.
I THINK
WE'LL HAVE
A BUSY DAY.



THERE THEY GO, HEADING
FOR THE OIL DEPOTS
NEAR HAIPHONG
AND HANOI!



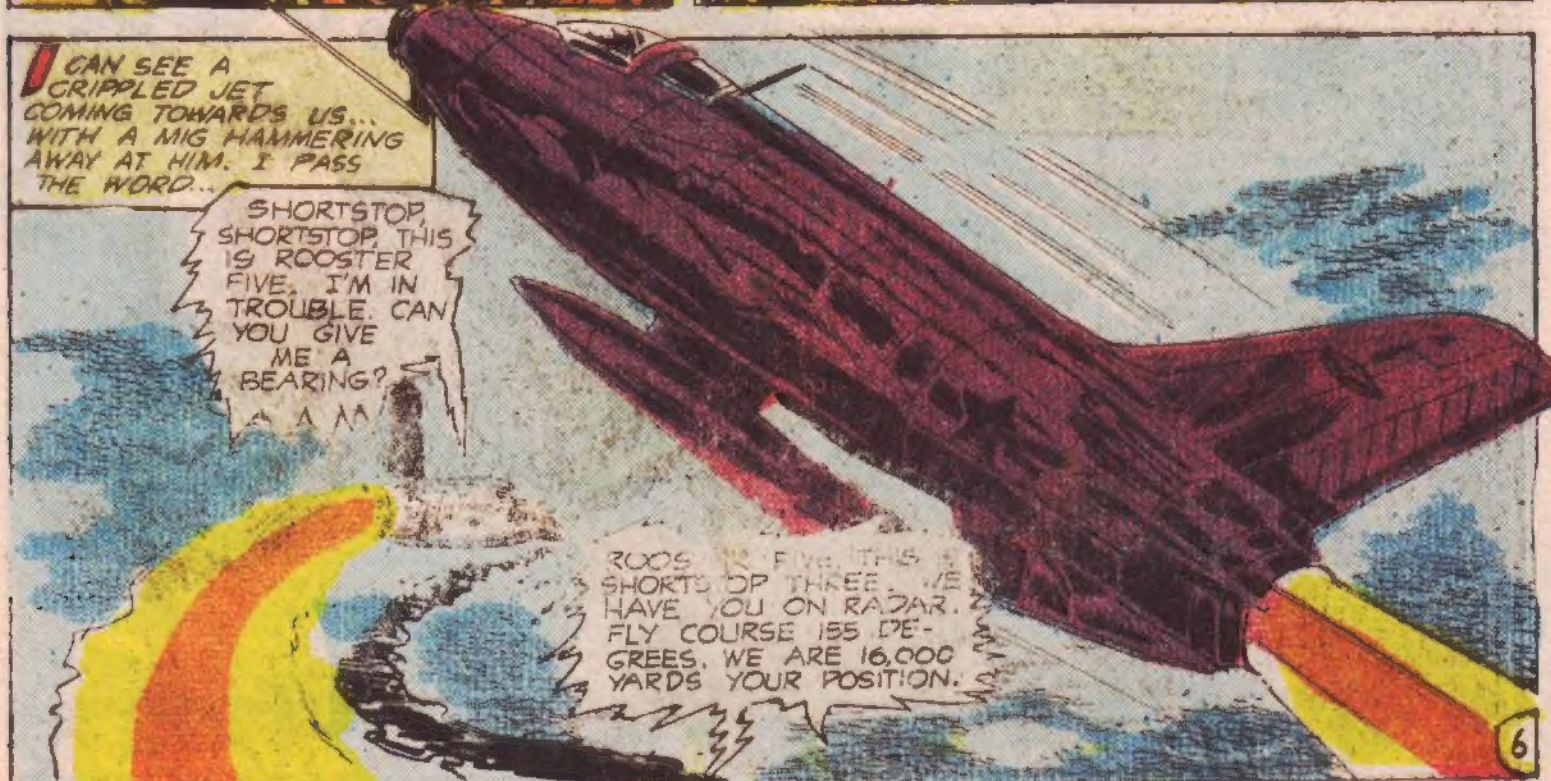
MIG FIGHTERS UP
THERE. HEAR THE
FIRING?



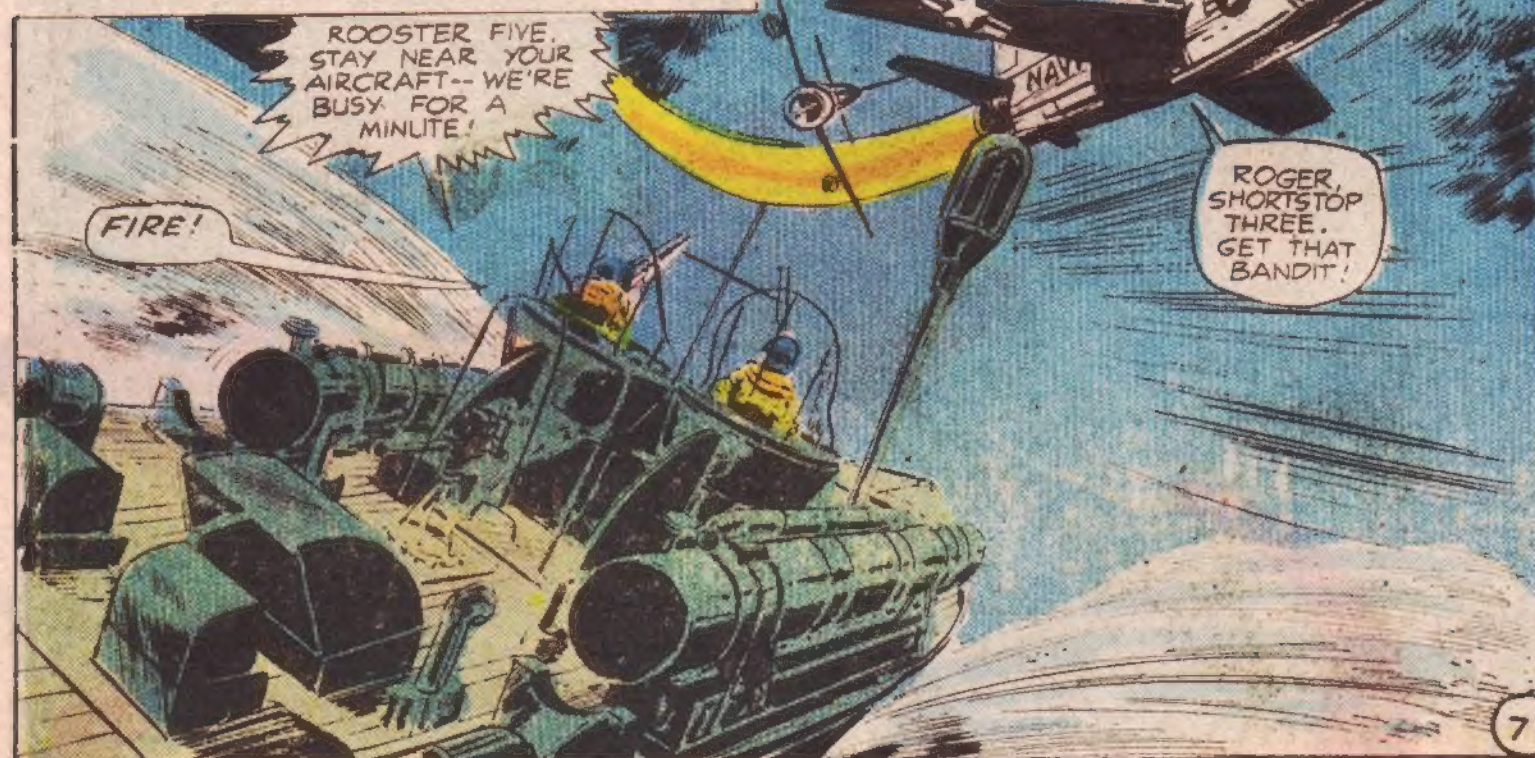
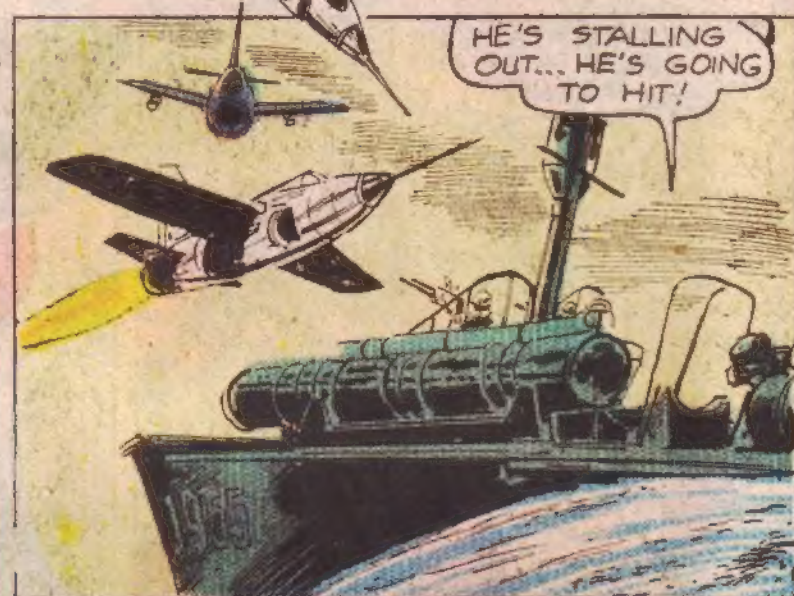
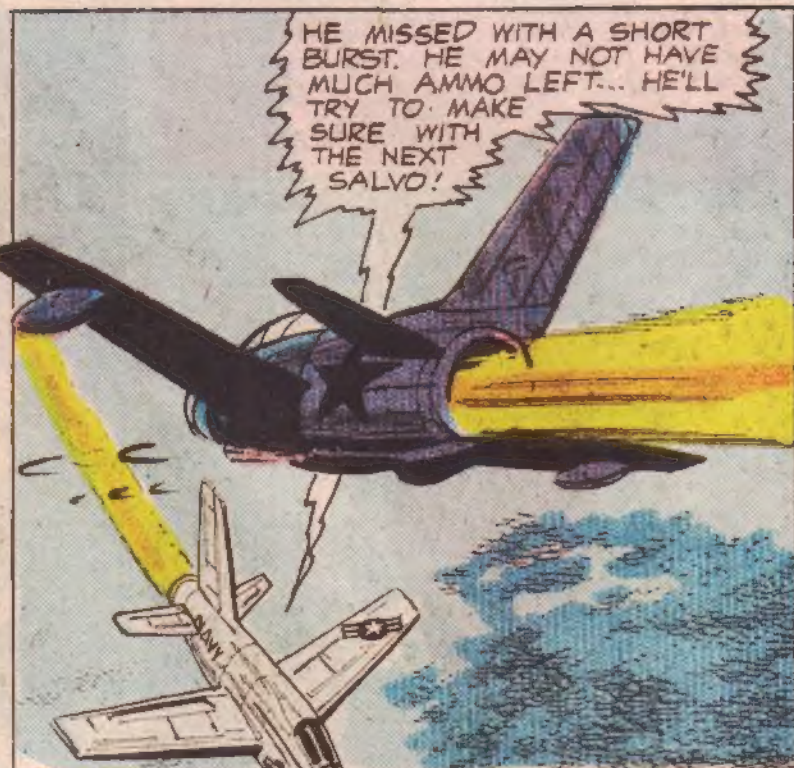
I CAN SEE A
CRIPPLED JET
COMING TOWARDS US...
WITH A MIG HAMMERING
AWAY AT HIM. I PASS
THE WORD...

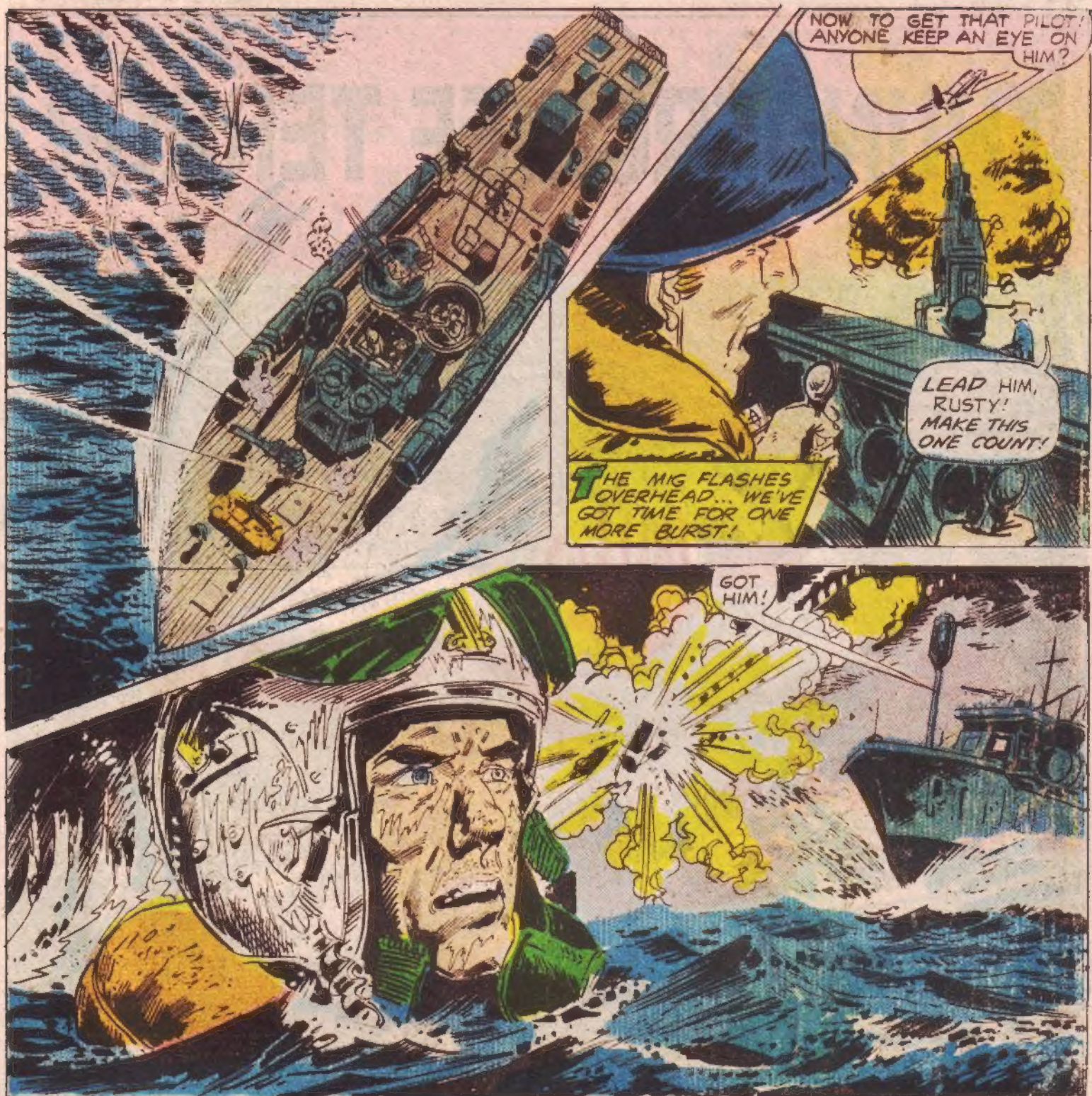
SHORTSTOP,
SHORTSTOP, THIS
IS ROOSTER
FIVE. I'M IN
TROUBLE. CAN
YOU GIVE
ME A
BEARING?

AAA



ROOSTER FIVE, THIS
IS SHORTSTOP THREE. WE
HAVE YOU ON RADAR.
FLY COURSE 155 DE-
GREES. WE ARE 16,000
YARDS YOUR POSITION.





NOW TO GET THAT PILOT!
ANYONE KEEP AN EYE ON HIM?

LEAD HIM,
RUSTY!
MAKE THIS
ONE COUNT!

THE MIG FLASHES
OVERHEAD... WE'VE
GOT TIME FOR ONE
MORE BURST!

GOT
HIM!



YOU HARDLY
GOT YOUR
FEET WET,
SIR!

WETTER THAN I
WANTED, MACK!

the END

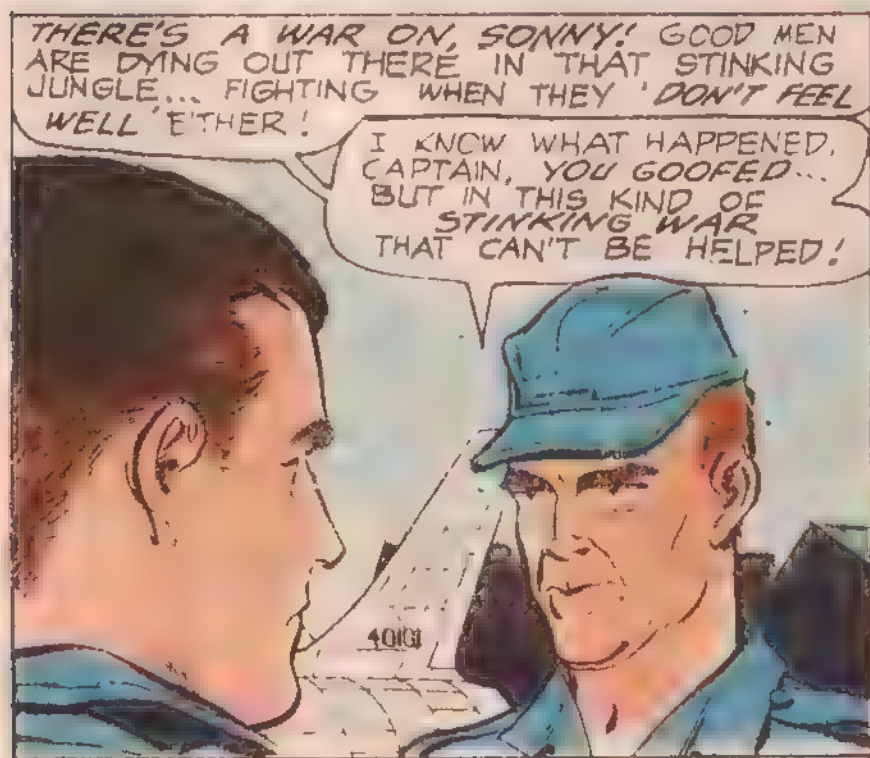
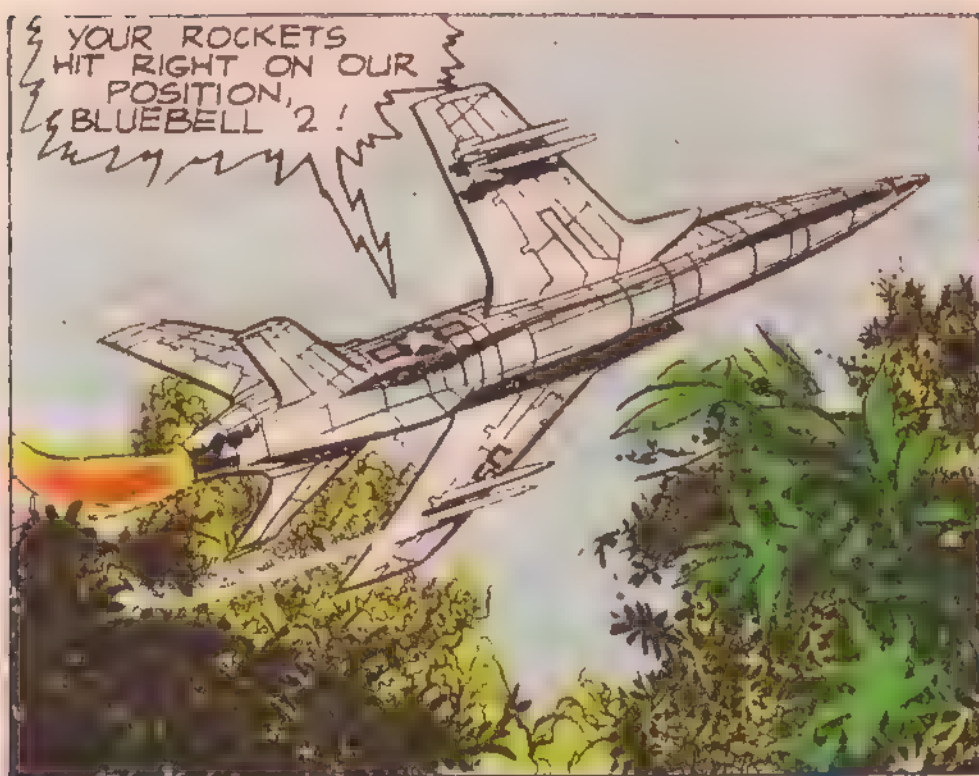


YOU MEAN I WON'T GET A
CHOPPER RIDE THIS TIME?

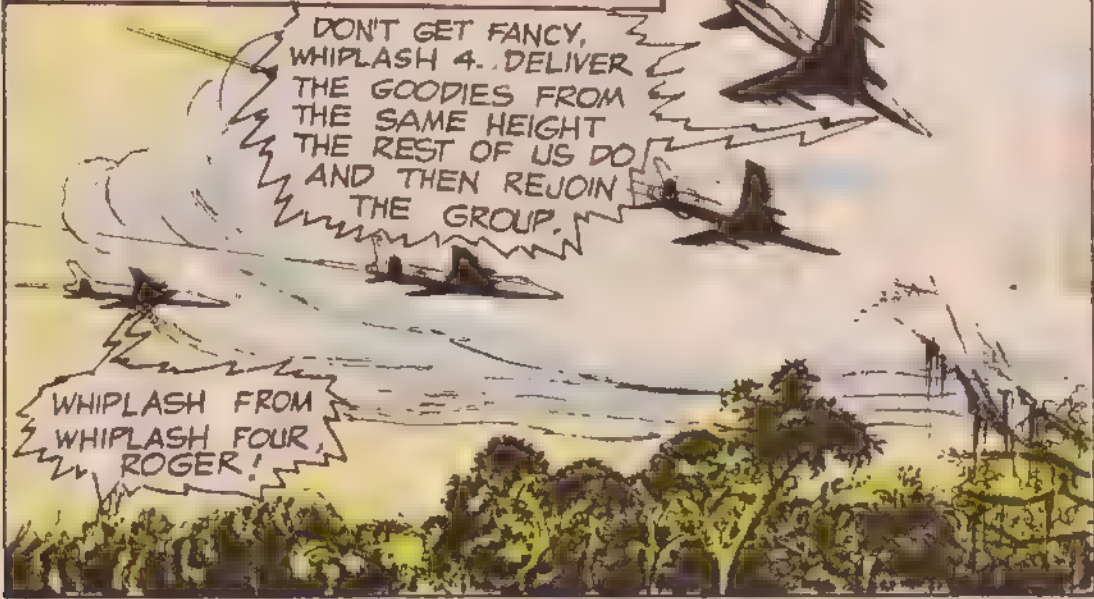
WE JUST GOT ORDERS WE'RE TO
PROCEED BEST SPEED TO BASE WHERE
WE'LL REFUEL AND YOU'LL GET TAKEN
ABOARD YOUR CARRIER. MY BOYS NEED
TIME TO STRETCH THEIR LEGS ON SHORE
ANYHOW. WE'VE BEEN OUT HERE FOR A
WEEK... THAT'S LONG ENOUGH!

THUNDERCHIEF TERROR





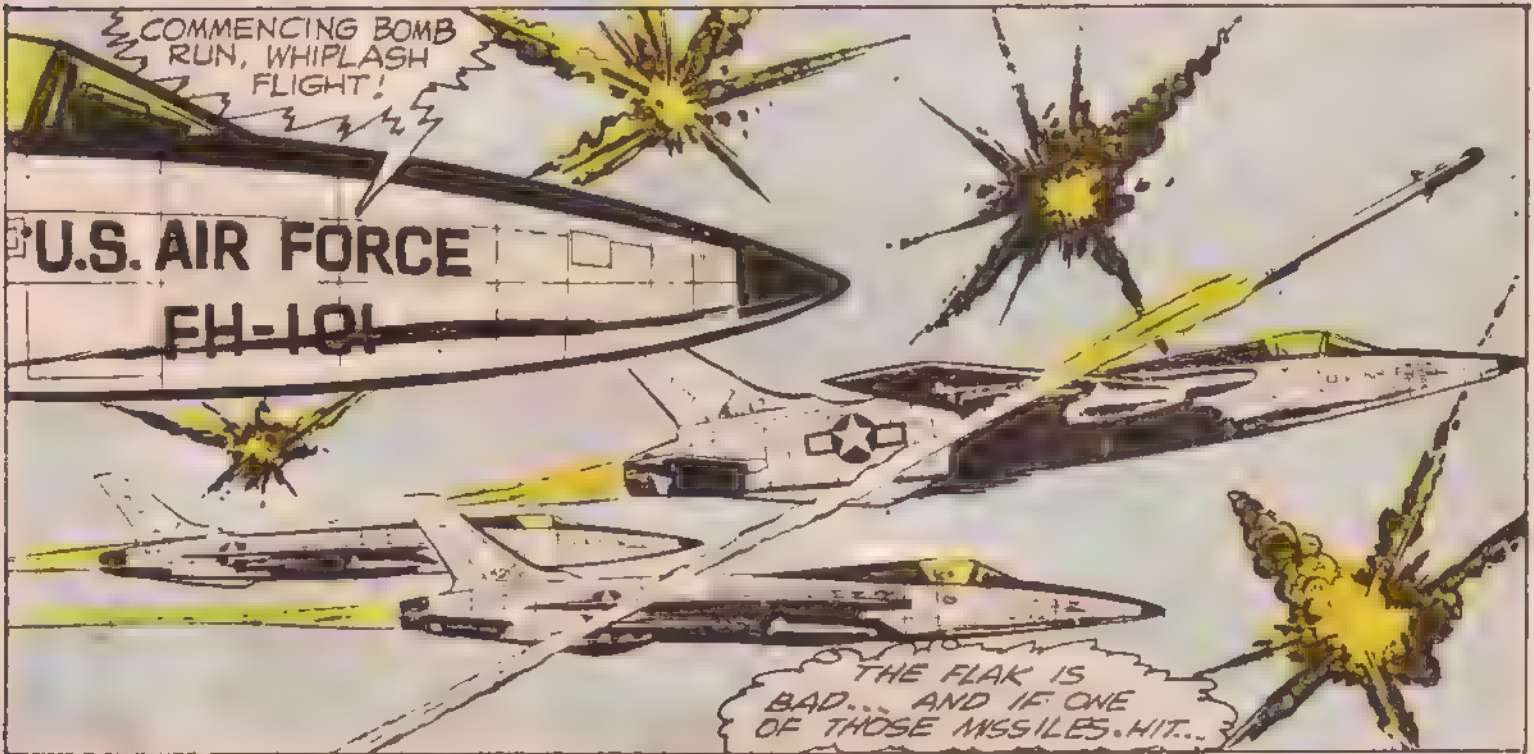
COL. MILLER ASSIGNS ME TO TEMPORARY DUTY WITH A FLIGHT TO HAIPHONG NEXT MORNING. MISSION: BOMB OIL REFINERY... WE'RE WHIPLASH AND MY RADIO CALL SIGN IS WHIPLASH 4.



DON'T GET FANCY, WHIPLASH 4. DELIVER THE GOODIES FROM THE SAME HEIGHT THE REST OF US DO AND THEN REJOIN THE GROUP.

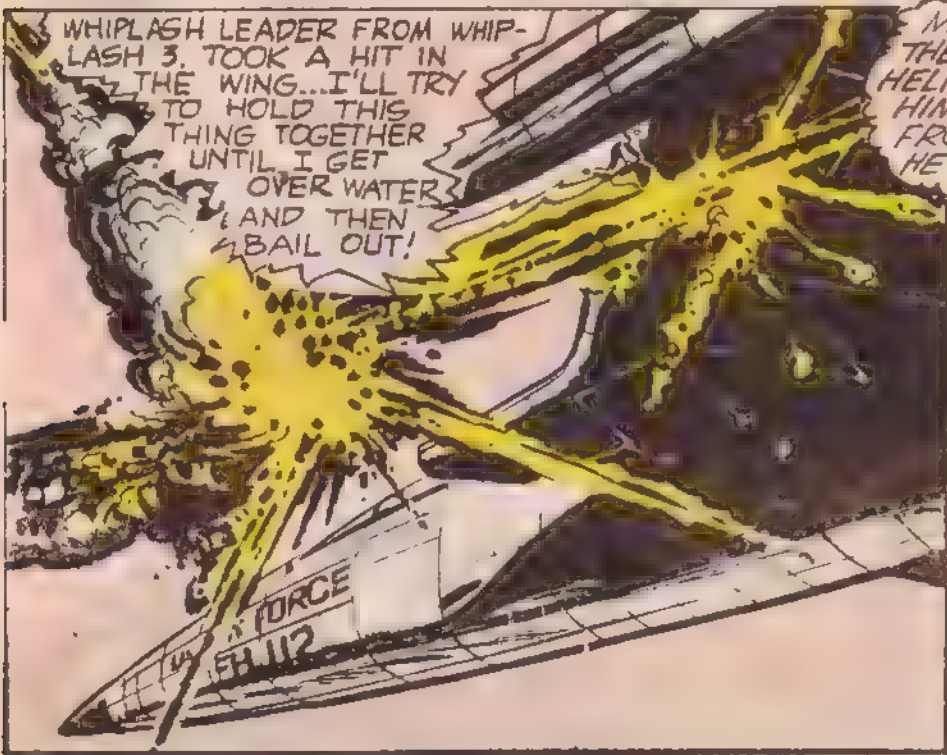
WHIPLASH FROM WHIPLASH FOUR, ROGER!

WHAT A RELIEF IT IS NOT TO WORRY ABOUT DROPPING NAPALM IN THE WRONG AREA!



COMMENCING BOMB RUN, WHIPLASH FLIGHT!

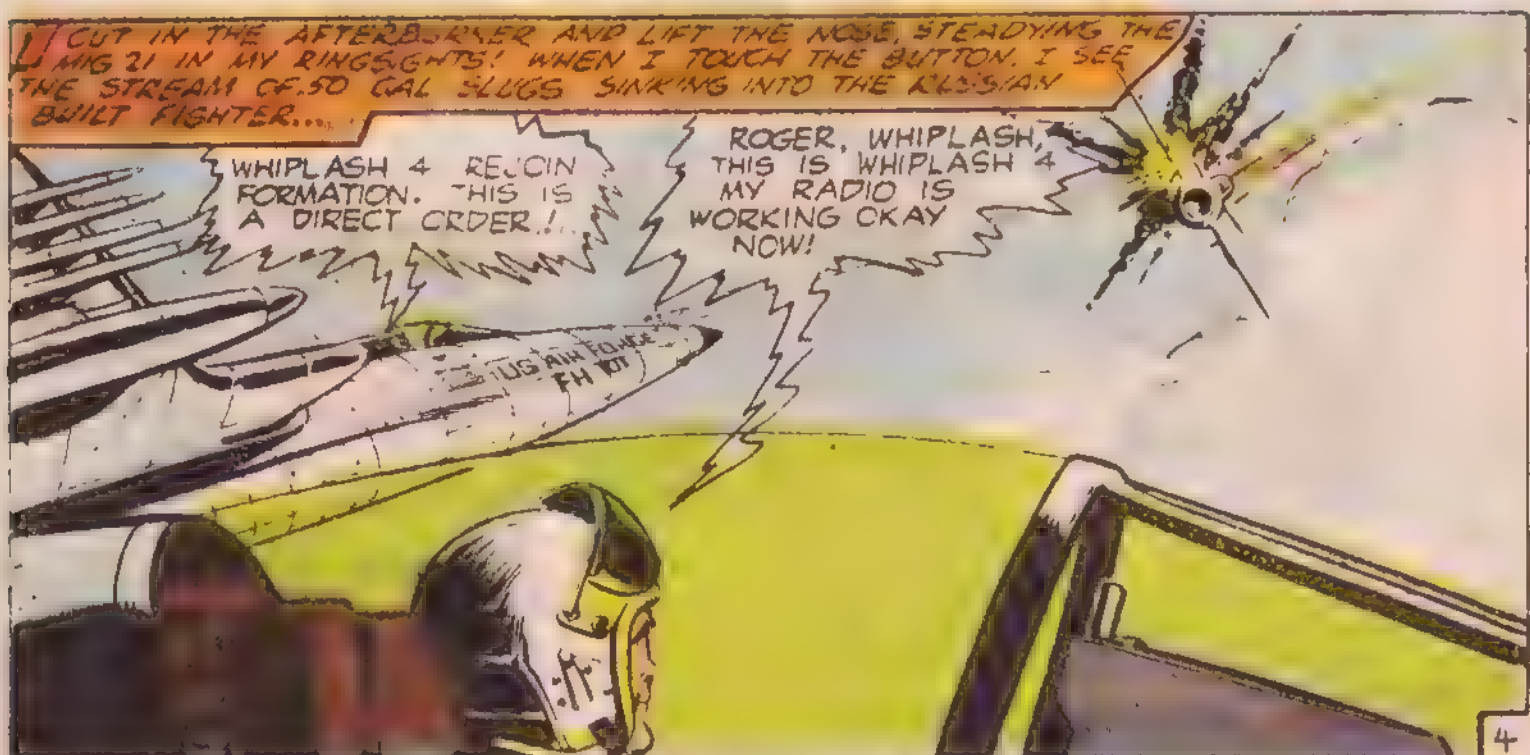
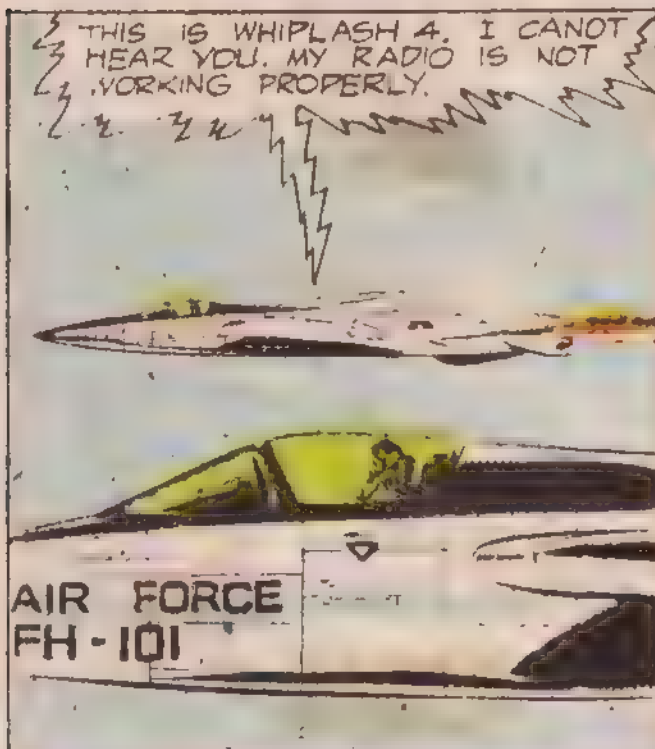
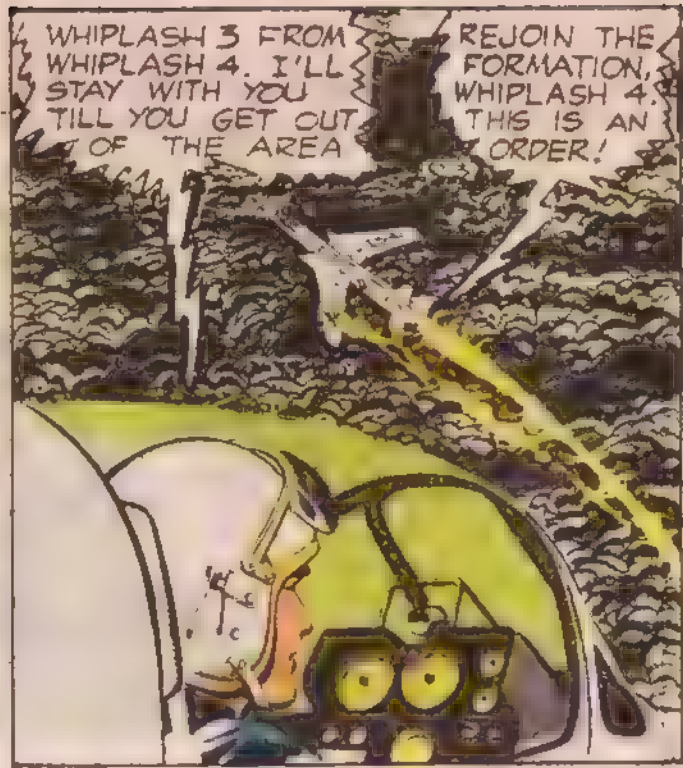
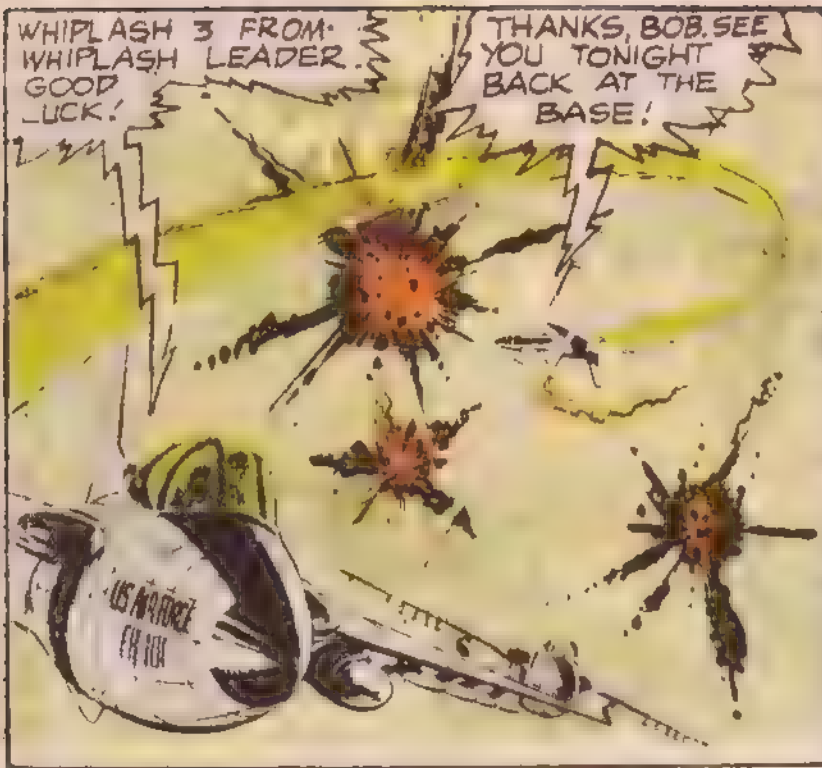
THE FLAK IS BAD... AND IF ONE OF THOSE MISSILES HIT...

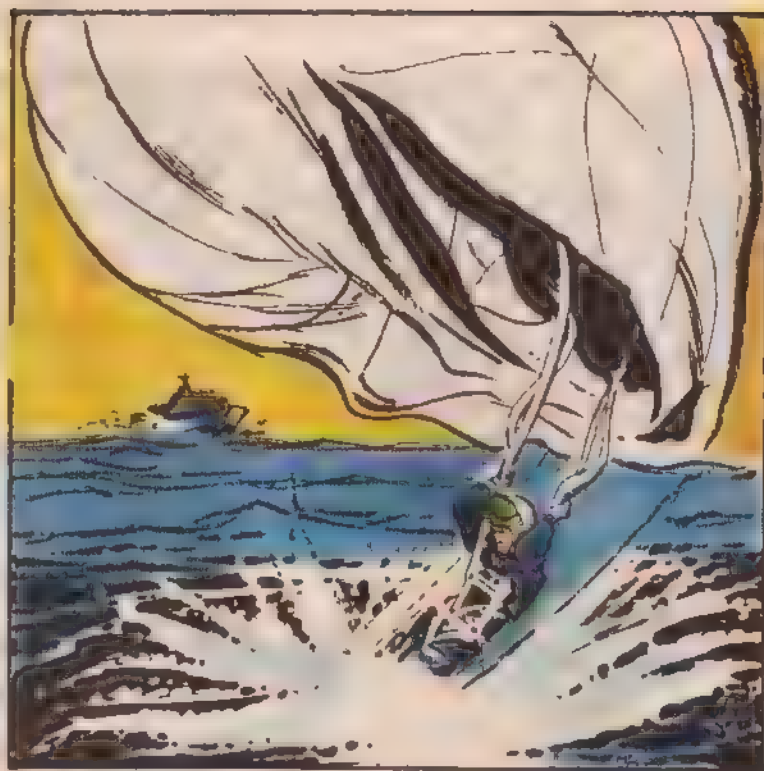
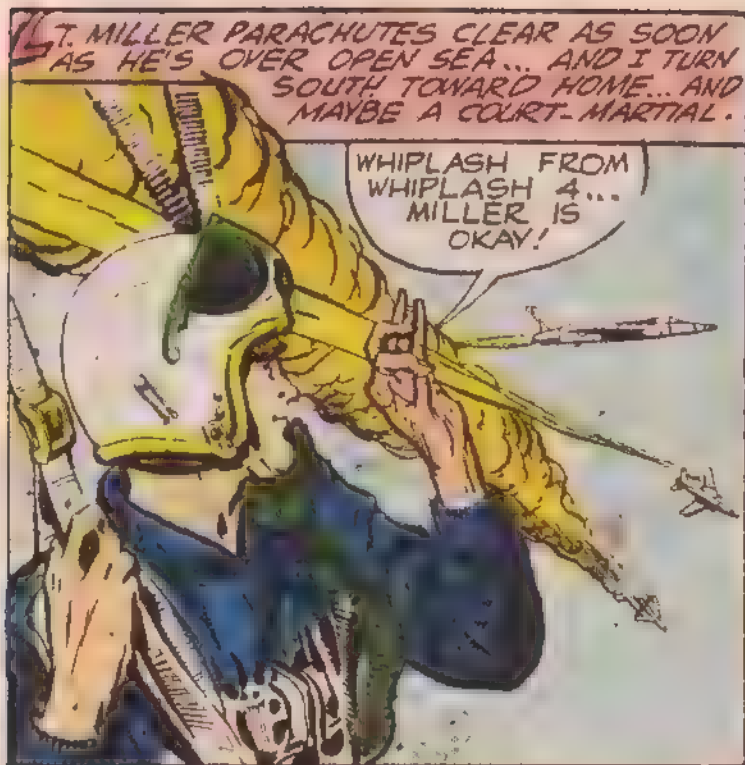


WHIPLASH LEADER FROM WHIPLASH 3. TOOK A HIT IN THE WING... I'LL TRY TO HOLD THIS THING TOGETHER UNTIL I GET OVER WATER AND THEN ABAIL OUT!

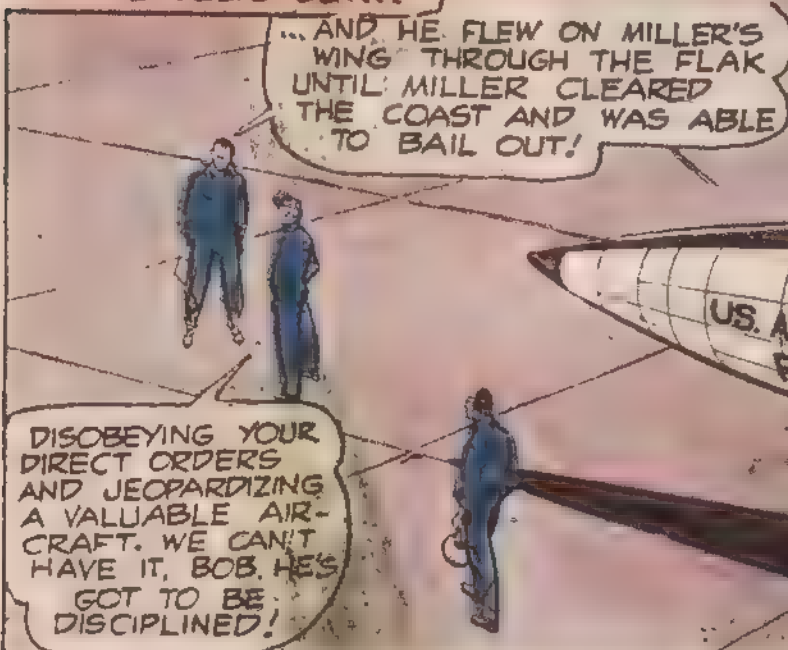
MILLER THINKS THE NAVY OR A HELICOPTER CAN REACH HIM IF HE GETS AWAY FROM LAND. I HOPE HE MAKES IT.







MAJOR SANFORD, (WHIPLASH LEADER) IS ALREADY ON THE GROUND WITH HIS GRIPE TO THE COLONEL AS I LAND MY REPUBLIC JET...



NEXT MORNING, THEY TAKE OFF FOR A STRAFING RUN ON THE DMZ... WHERE HO CHI MINH IS SENDING NORTH VIET NAMESE REGULARS THROUGH.

THEY WON'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT BOMBING AMERICAN TROOPS!

CAPTAIN DAVESON!

I'VE GOT A JOB FOR YOU. ACCOMPANY A FIRST AIR CAV BATTALION INTO THE IRON TRIANGLE, COORDINATE OUR AIR STRIKES WITH THE GROUND FORCE.

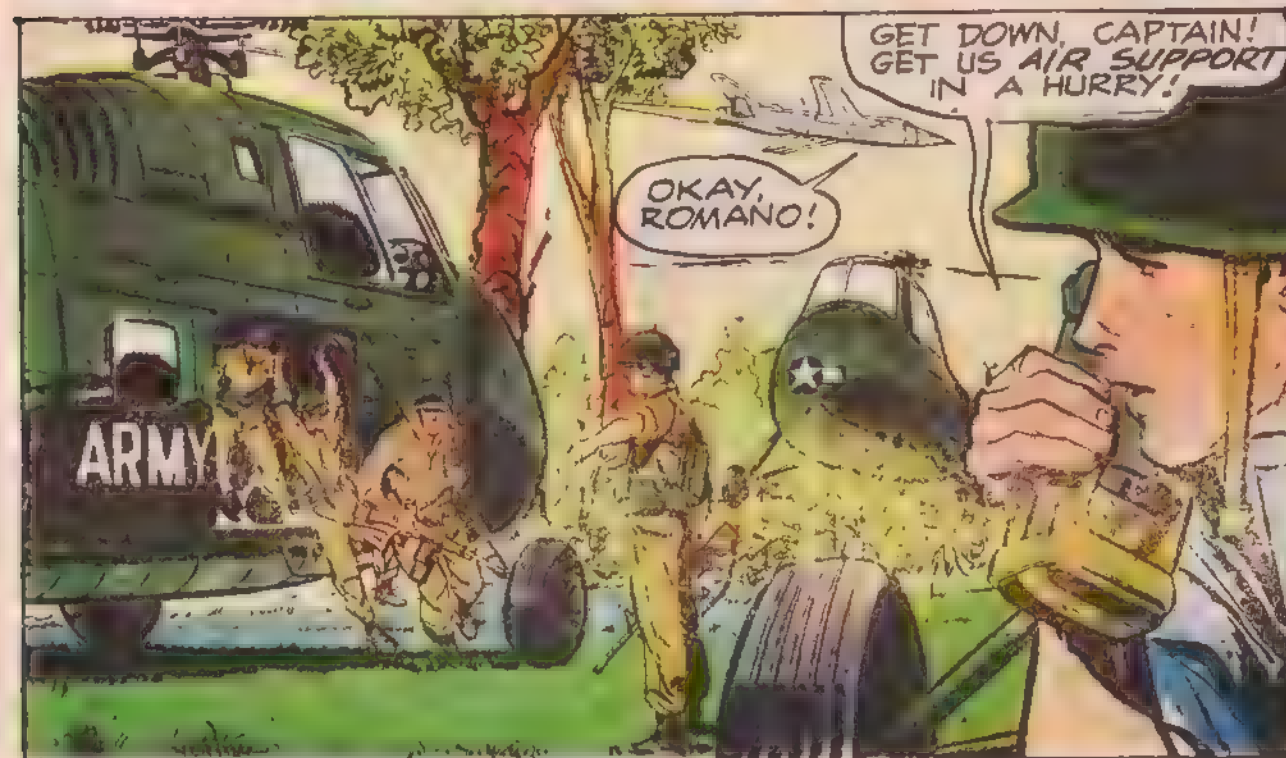
YES, SIR. THANK YOU, SIR.

LT. ROMANO IS THE PLATOON LEADER I'LL BE WITH...

GLAD WE GOT AN EXPERT ALONG THIS TIME. THERE WON'T BE ANY CHANCE OF A MISTAKE.

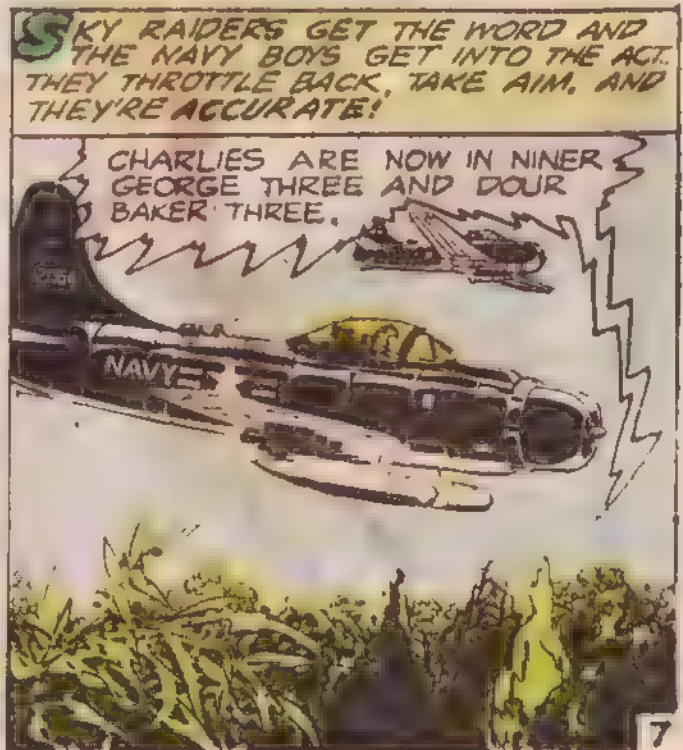
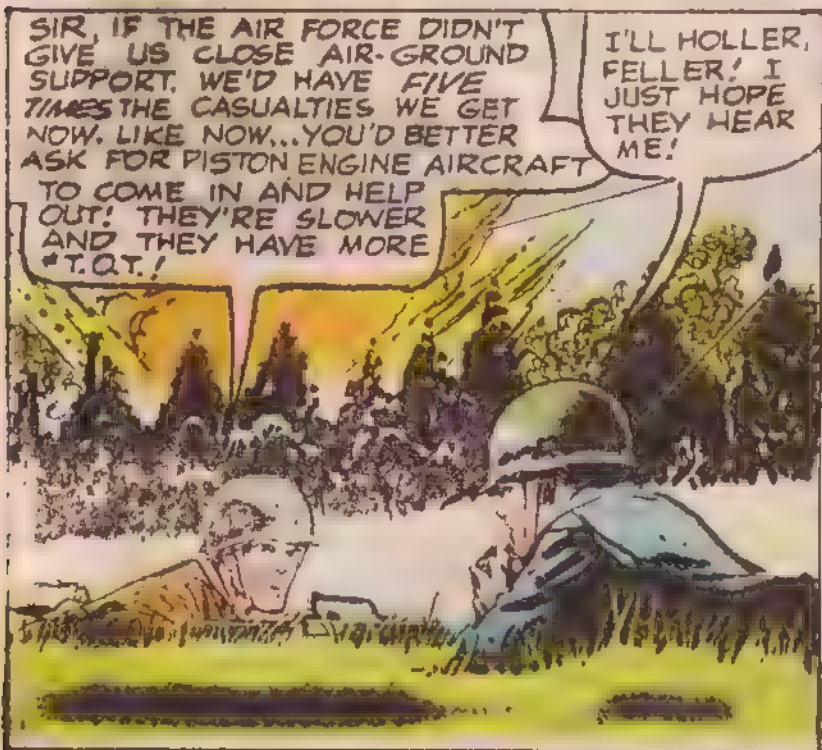
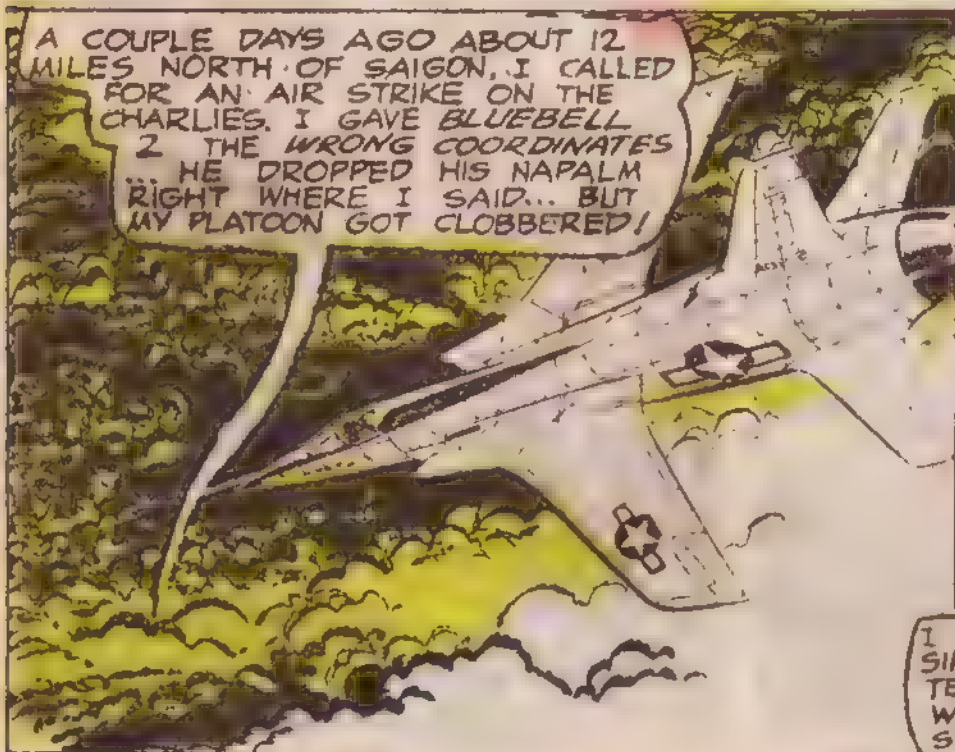
I'LL MAKE SURE OF THAT, LIEUTENANT.

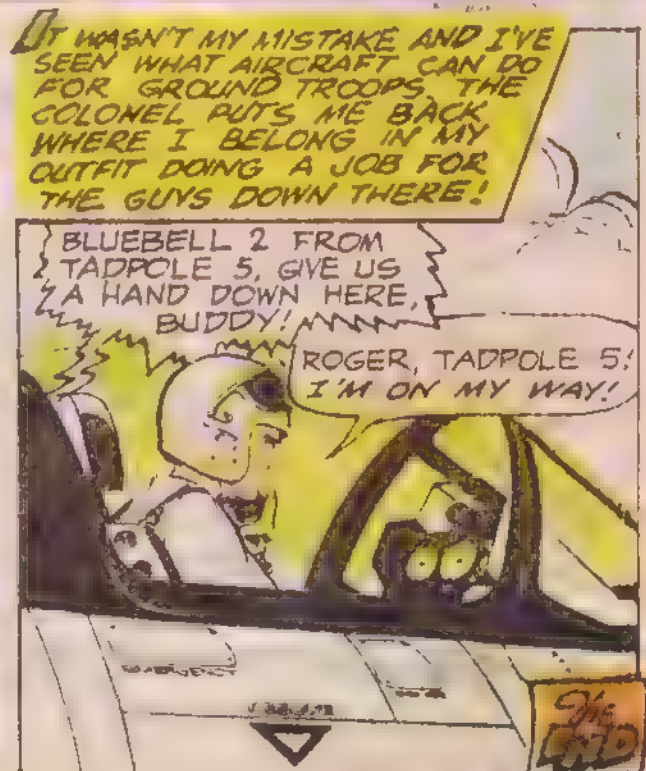
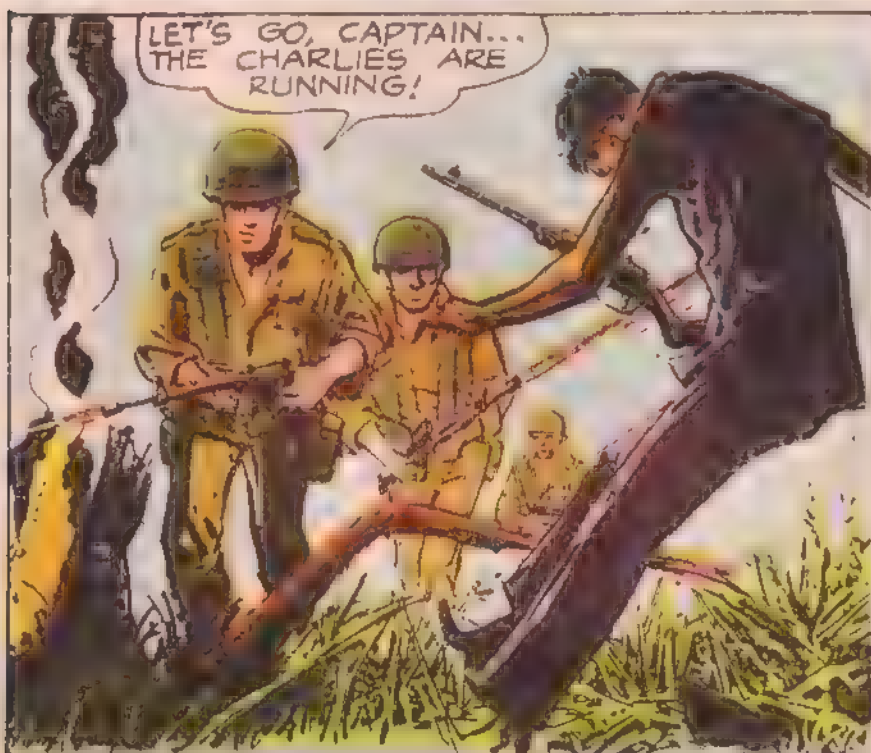
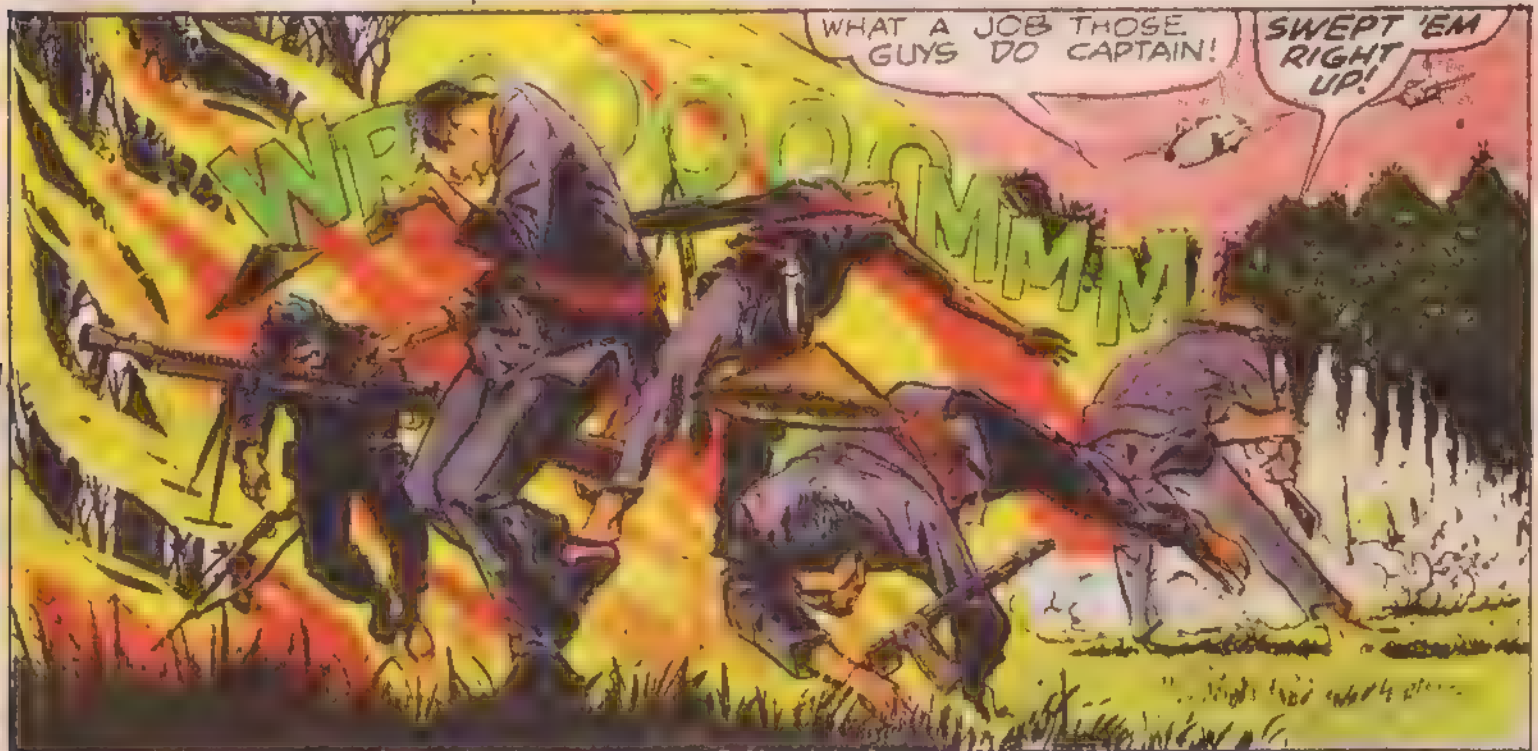
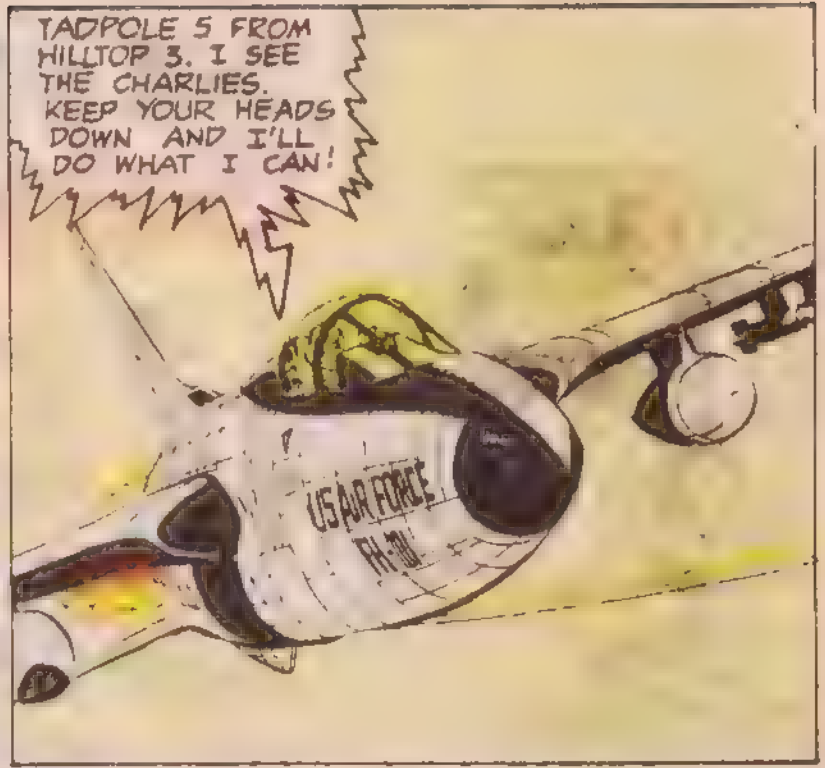
WE'LL BE OPERATING IN THE MEKONG DELTA... AND I'M TOLD WE'RE HOPING TO HIT THE VIET CONG HEADQUARTERS TODAY...



OKAY, ROMANO!

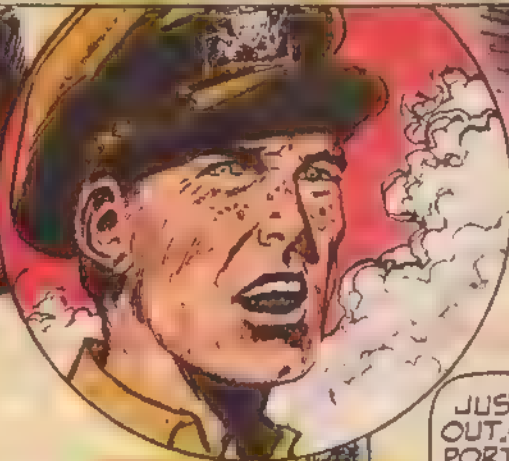
GET DOWN, CAPTAIN! GET US AIR SUPPORT IN A HURRY!





THIS IS A DEADLY GAME THEY PLAY IN THE NARROW BODY OF WATER BETWEEN ENGLAND AND FRANCE IN THE WAR YEARS, 1939-1945! FRENCH SPIES CROSS THIS NARROW SEA EACH NIGHT... SUBMARINES LURK IN THE MURKY DEPTHS SHIPS ARE TORPEDOED, SEAMEN DIE! AIRCRAFT PATROL THIS WATERY BATTLEGROUND BY DAY, AMERICAN, BRITISH AND NAZI PATROL BOATS PROWL IT BY NIGHT!

HERE, CAPT. DARROW'S PT BOAT DROPPED THE FRENCH RESISTANCE LEADER CALLED "LEBLANC" ON THE COAST AND THEN TURNED FOR HOME! THAT'S WHEN A BLINDING LIGHT CATCHES THEM... AND SHORE ARTILLERY STARTS DROPPING 88 MM SHELLS AROUND THE ZIGZAGGING VESSEL!



PT CAPTAIN
MIKE DARROW

JUST ONE WAY OUT! HARD TO PORT, QUARTERMASTER! WE'RE GOING THROUGH THE MINEFIELDS!



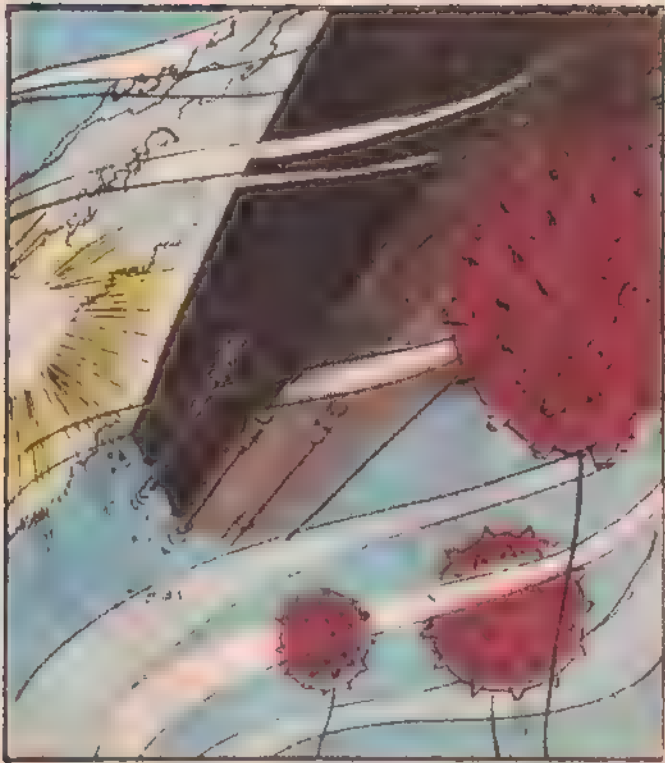
LEBLANC
FRENCH
RESISTANCE
AGENT

WE'RE TRAPPED, SKIPPER!



PT COMMANDANT
KAPITÄN METZGER

CHANNEL TAG



HOW'D THAT
GO OFF, SIR?
WE DIDN'T
HIT IT!

CONCUSSION
FROM OTHER
MINES, PROBABLY!
I'VE HEARD OF
WHOLE MINE
FIELDS GOING
OFF THAT WAY!



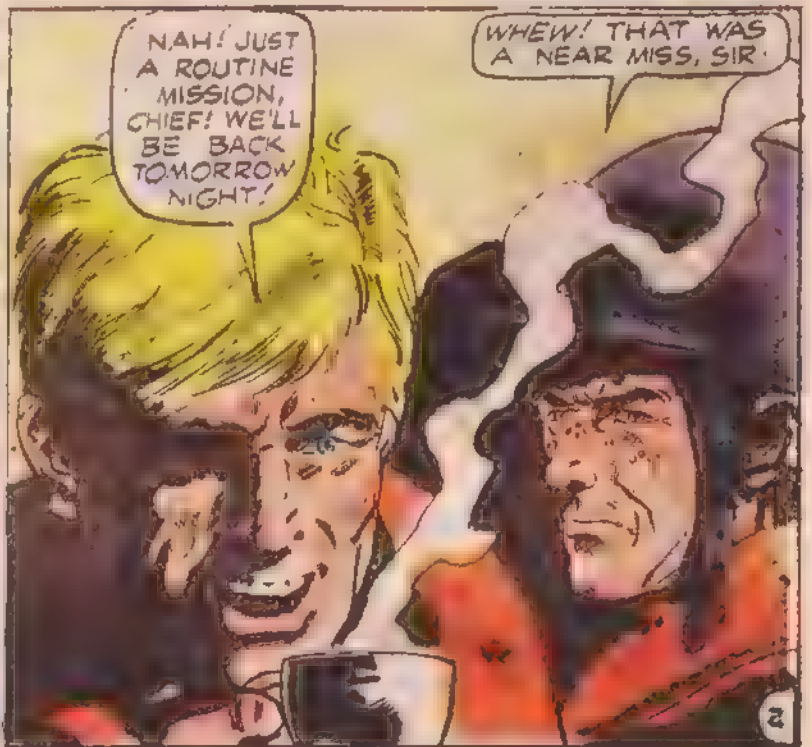
IT'S ALMOST SURE SUICIDE TO TAKE THIS ROUTE... BUT LT. DARROW DOESN'T HAVE A CHOICE! THE NAZI MTB COMMANDER DOES... WHEN HE MAKES THE WRONG DECISION... HIS PENALTY IS DEATH!

THE KRAUT RAN INTO
ONE OF THEIR OWN
MINES, SKIPPER! NOW
WE CAN TURN BACK!

KEEP GOING RIGHT
THROUGH, EDDIE! CHIEF
DROP DEPTH CHARGES
WE MAY AS WELL BLOW
A WIDER CHANNEL
THROUGH THE MINEFIELD
... WE MAY NEED TO
COME THROUGH HERE
AGAIN.

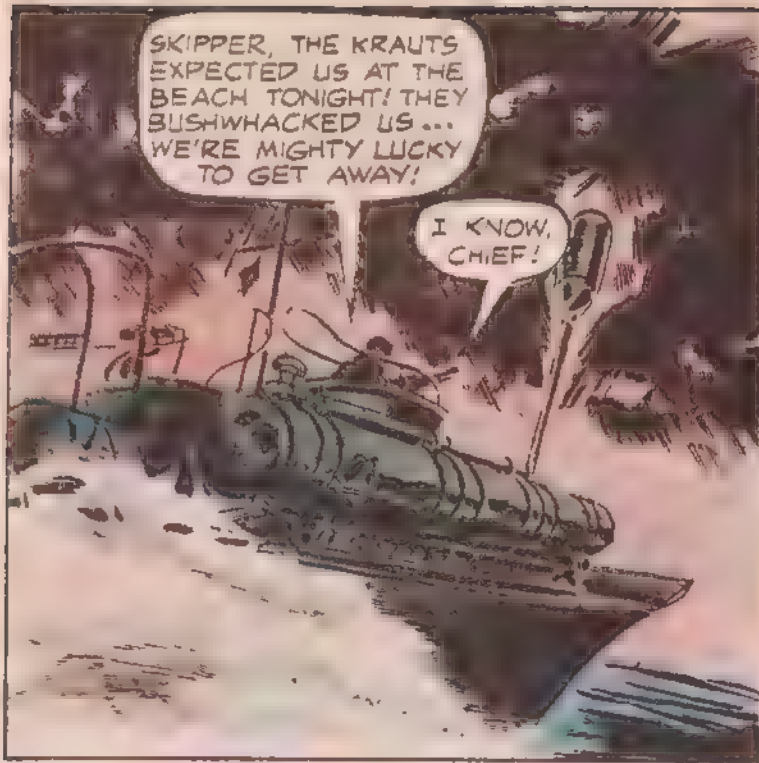


COME RIGHT
A LITTLE... NOW
WE'RE ON COURSE
FOR HOME!



NAH! JUST
A ROUTINE
MISSION,
CHIEF! WE'LL
BE BACK
TOMORROW
NIGHT!

WHEW! THAT WAS
A NEAR MISS, SIR!



SKIPPER, THE KRAUTS EXPECTED US AT THE BEACH TONIGHT! THEY BUSHWHACKED US... WE'RE MIGHTY LUCKY TO GET AWAY!

I KNOW, CHIEF!



LE BLANC ASKED US TO SET HIM ASHORE THERE... HIS CROWD MET HIM THERE! I DIDN'T HEAR ANY FIRING ON SHORE SO...



WE'D BETTER TELL NAVAL INTELLIGENCE ABOUT IT, SKIPPER!

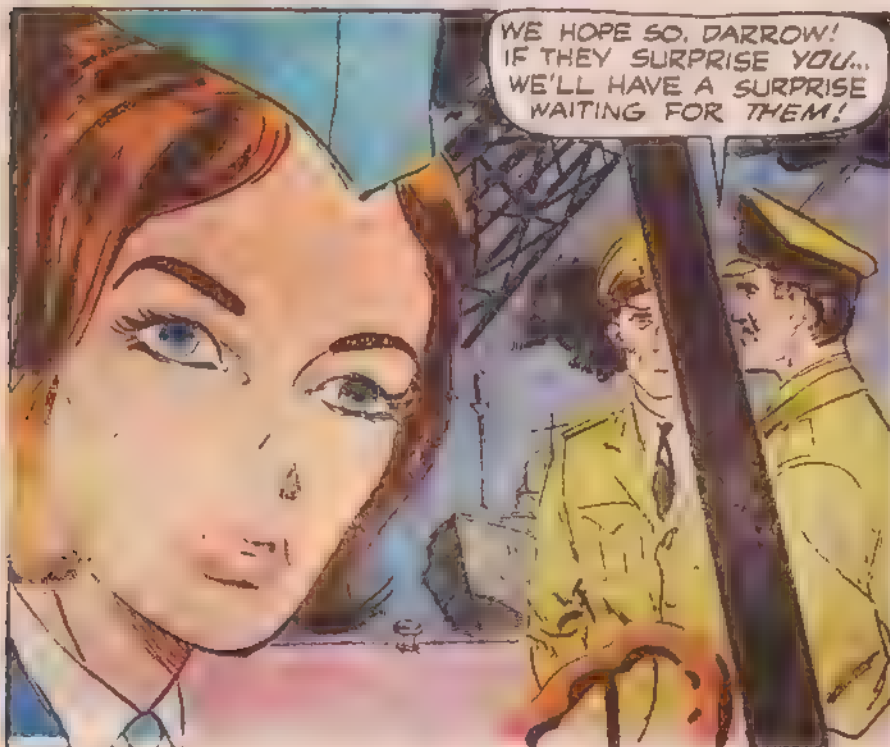
I'M INCLINED TO THINK ONE OF LEBLANC'S CREW IS ON THE NAZI'S PAYROLL!



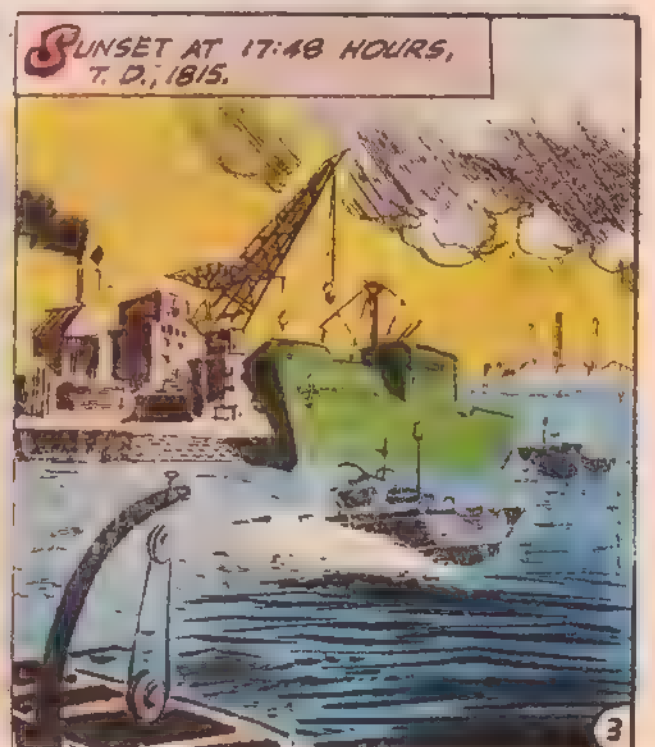
COMDR. HARRIS IS INTERESTED IN LT. DARROW'S THEORY...

WE'LL HAVE A PASSENGER FOR THE COAST OF FRANCE TONIGHT, CAPT. DARROW. LEBLANC HAS BEEN ORDERED TO RENDEZVOUS AT CHECKPOINT GREEN DOG!

AND THE NAZIS WILL PROBABLY HAVE A DOZEN MTB BOATS WAITING WHEN WE START FOR HOME!



WE HOPE SO, DARROW! IF THEY SURPRISE YOU... WE'LL HAVE A SURPRISE WAITING FOR THEM!



SUNSET AT 17:48 HOURS, T. D., 1815.

